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## ANGEL PIONEERS

BY JESSE YARNELL

We are angel pioneers,  
As for five-and-twenty years,  
With our wives, the pretty dears,  
    We have had the land of angels for a home;  
We came here long ago,  
And we like the country so,  
That we're going to stay you know,  
    For we never want to emigrate or roam.

Yes, we're angels without wings,  
Without feathers and such things,  
And each heart with rapture rings,  
    Thinking of the glorious country we have found;  
With our climate and our soil,  
Bringing fruits with little toil,  
Let us live without turmoil,  
    And let joy and peace and jollity abound.

We have seen our city grow,  
With a pace that's far from slow,  
And the country 'round us, too,  
    Where fruit and flowers bloom on every hand;  
But there's room enough for all,  
Rich and poor and great and small,  
And may pleasant places fall  
    To the tender-foot from each and every land.

Let them come, yes let them come—  
And, you bet, they're coming some—  
Don't you hear the car-wheels hum,  
    Bringing those who storm and blizzards wish to shun;  
We extend a welcome true,  
From our hearts we mean it, too,  
For there's room for not a few,  
    To fill the places we leave when we are gone.

We will tell from whence we came—  
How we got here, just the same—  
And we're surely not to blame,  
    If we pass some resolutions when we die;  
As our hair is turning gray,  
We may not have long to stay,  
When we have to go away,  
    Let us hope we'll find as good a place on high.